

Escape from the Scheme

Yattering

He's won a conviction
that he'll desrtoy the pathological
Drinking pattern
Strictly to the scheme
We wrests addictions from the body
... I have to...
Convinced about the power of the cure
That waited
...I have to..

They believed it would go right
Until they saw the broken throat and
Last convulsive quivers

Killed - because of longing
Ruined - through he knew the power of the cure

The last breath sent to the deaf world
A hand raised
I...I...wanted...wanted to...

He left them with fear
They want to kill and forget
Strictly to the scheme from the body
They wrest moments of fear and
Longing for normality

Convicted about the power of love
Destroyed by hatred
They believed it would go right
Until they saw
That there's a blockade in the heart
And thoughts still say about the past
Wiped out - by memory
Injured - though they tried to hide the father's name

And moments when he raised his hand
In the last breath
I...I...wanted...wanted to...